In Recital

Danica Clark, soprano

assisted by

Gloria Reimer, piano

Sunday, March 2, 1997 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile	Vincenzo Bellini
Ma rendi pur contento	(1801-1835)
Ici-Bas	Gabriel Fauré
Toujours	(1845-1924)
Chanson Triste	Henri Duparc
	(1848-1933)
My Lagan Love	traditional
	arr. Ian Knopke
Fogarty's Cove	Stan Rogers
	(1949-1983)
	arr. Ian Knopke
A Ri An Domhnaigh	traditional
	arr. Ian Knopke

Ian Knopke, guitar
Mathias Silveira, violin
Olivia Walsh, cello
Geoff Whittall, percussion

From *Semele* (1744)	George Frederick Handel
Where'er you walk	(1685-1759)
From *Giulio Cesare* (1724)	
Piangero la sorte mia	

Ms Clark is generously supported by the Vienna Opera Ball Society.

Translations

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile - Melancholy, gentle spirit
Melancholy gentle spirit
I dedicate my life to you;
he who would your pleasures slight
was not born for pleasures true.

For streams and mountains I did pray;
the gods will hear my prayer at last,
and I content, shall never stray
beyond yon stream, you mountain pass.

Ma rendi pur contento - But first make the heart of my beloved happy
But first make the heart
of my beloved happy
and I forgive you, love,
if mine is not.

I fear her alarms
more than my own
for I live more in her
than I live in myself.

Ici-Bas - Down Here
Down here all lilacs die,
All songs of the birds are short,
I dream of summers that endure forever!
Down here lips fade
And leave nothing of their velvet,
I dream of kisses that last forever!
Down here, all men weep
For their friendships or their loves...
I dream of couples who remain,
Who remain always together!

Toujours - Always
You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you forever,
And depart in solitude
Without remembering the one I loved!
Rather ask the stars
To fall into the infinite,
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its brightness!
Ask the boundless ocean

Toujours - Always (continued)
To drain its vast waves,
And when the winds rage in madness,
To still their mournful cries!
But do not believe that my soul
Will free itself from its bitter sorrows,
And cast off its fire,
As spring casts off its flowers.

Chanson Triste - A Song of Sorrow
Moonlight fullness thy heart illuming,
Such as floods the fair summer night,
Ah! to flee life's vain importuning,
Would I could drown me in that pure light!
My despairing could I longer fear it,
O my love, when are cradled free from harms
My weary heart and spirit
Yearns for sweet repose in thy arms?
Thou wilt lay my head, dull with sorrow,
O, some day soon upon thy knee,
Thou from the past fondly wilt borrow
Ballads of olden time,
that seem to sing of you and me.
Then from thine eyes, sweet in their sadness,
From thy loving eyes my tired soul
Draughts so divine shall drink of gladness,
I perchance again shall be whole.

A Ri An Domhnaigh - O King of Sunday
O King of Sunday, come with help to me
And raise me up in time from damnation
O King of Bright Monday, be with me always
And do not let me out of your grasp.
O King of Tuesday, O Beloved of my heart,
Give me protection on the Day of Judgement.
O King of Wednesday, do not allow me to remain
in bonds,
even though I am far removed from your own
beloved Son.
O King of Thursday, forgive us our sins,
Even though I tore apart your just law.
O King of Friday, do not retain
The memory of my foolish evil deeds.
O King of Saturday, for ever I implore
That you take me safely over fiery Acheron (River);
under cover of your protection
and through the value of the Mass
Up to holy Paradise.

Piangero la sorte mia - I must weep

I must weep, for my sorrows are endless,
in his power, forsaken and friendless,
not for long my poor life can last?
I must weep for the days now gone forever,
Lone and friendless among so many who are foes,
I know not any who would help me,
or would defend me;
not for long my poor life can last,
lone and friendless and in tears will my last hours be passed.
If he kills me, my ghost will haunt him,
with his foul deeds never cease to taunt him;
Mad with terror I'll drive him fast,
Mad with terror, till he dies of shame at last!
Yes, my spectre still would haunt him
with his foul deeds forever taunt him,
mad with terror I'll drive him fast,
till he dies of shame at last!